

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recovers.

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence into some other Chamber: softly pray.

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends) vnlesse some doll and fauourable hand

Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.

War. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.

P. Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet?

Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If hee be sicke with loy,

Hee'll recouer without Physicke.

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)

Sweet Prince speake lowe.

The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.

War. Will please your Grace to goe along with vs?

P. Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,

Being so troublefome a Bed-fellow?

O pollic'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide,

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,

Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,

As hee who'st Brow (with homely Biggen bound)

SnORES out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!

When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit

Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,

That seal'd with safetie: by his Gates of breath,

There lyes a downey feather, which stirs not:

Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse downe

Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is found indeede: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuor'd

So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,

Is Feares, and heauie Sorrowes of the Blood,

Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderesse,

Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plencously.

My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,

Which (as immediate from thy Place, and Blood)

Deriues it selfe to me. Loe, heere it fits,

Which Heauen shall guard:

And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,

It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.

This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,

As 'tis left to me.

Exit.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your Grace?

King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords)?

Clar. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)

Who vnderooke to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee see him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee stayd.

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it heere.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence:

Goe seeke him out.

Is hee so hasty, that hee doth suppose

My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)

Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes

With my disease, and helps to end me.

See Sonnes, what things you are:

How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,

When Gold becomes her Obiect?

For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers

Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,

Their braines with care, their bones with indolence,

For this, they haue ingotfoll and pyl'd vp

The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold:

For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to inuest

Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:

When, like the Bee, culling from every flower

The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packe with Wax,

Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Bees;

And like the Bees, are murder'd for our paines.

This bitter taste yeelds his engroffements,

To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,

Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,

Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,

With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,

That Tyranny, which neuer quaffs but blood,

Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife

With gentle eye-drops. Hee is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes: Come hither to me (Harry.)

Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone.

Exit.

P. Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.

King. Thy wish was Father (Harry) to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my empty Chayre,

That thou wilt needes inuest thee with mine Honors,

Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!

Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will ouerwhelme thee.

Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie

Is held from falling, with so weak a winde,

That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

Thou hast stoln that, which after some few howres

Were thine, without offence: and at my death

Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.

Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'd'st me not,

And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,

To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.

What? canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?

Then

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,

And bid the merry Bells ring to thy eare

That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the Teares, to sanctifie thy head:

Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:

Onely compound me with forgotten dust.

Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:

Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;

For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.

Henry the first is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,

Downe Royall State: All you sage Counsaillors, hence!

And to the English Court, assemble now

From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idlenesse.

Now neighbor-Confiners, purge you of your Scum:

Haue you a Russian that swill (weate) drinke? dance?

Renell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit

The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?

Behappy, he will trouble you no more:

England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.

England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might:

For the Fifth Harry, from curb'd License pluckes

The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge

Shall flesh his tooth in euery Innocent.

O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)

When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,

What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?

O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,

Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants).

Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)

But for my Teares,

The most Impediments vnto my Speech,

I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,

Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard

The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,

And he that weares the Crowne immortally,

Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,

Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,

Let me no more from this Obedience rise,

Which my most true, and inward deuteous Spirit

Teacheth this prostrate, and exterior bending:

Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in,

And found no course of breath within your Maiestie,

How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,

O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,

And neuer lue, to shew th' incredulous World,

The Noble change that I haue purposed.

Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,

(And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)

I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing senle)

And thus vpbraid it. The Care on thee depending,

Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,

Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.

Other, lesse fine in Charact, is more precious;

Prefering life, in Medicine potable:

But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,

Hast eate the Bearer vp.

Thus (my Royall Liege)

Accusing it, I put it on my Head,

To try with it (as with an Enemy,

That had before my face murder'd my Father)

The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with loy,

Or swell my Thoughts, to any strain of Pride,

If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,

Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,

Giue entertainment to the might of it,

Let heauen, for euer, keepe

And make me, as the poore

That doth with awe, and

King. O my Sonne!

Heauen put it in thy mine

That thou might'st ioyne

Pleading so wisely, in ex

And heere (I thinke, the

That euer I shall breath

By what by-pathes, and

Imer this Crowne: and

How troublefome it fate

To thee, it shall descend

Better Opinion, better C

For all the foyle of the A

With me, into the Earth

But as an Honour snatch

And I had many living,

My gaine of it, by their

Which dayly grew to Q

Wounding suppos'd Pe

All these bold feares,

Thou seest (with perill)

For all my Reigne, hath

Adding that argument.

Changes the Moode: For

fallies vpon thee, in a mo

So thou, the Garland we

Yet, though thou stand'st

Thou art not firme enoug

And thy Friends, which

Haue but their stings, an

By whose fell working,

And by whose power, I

To be againe displac'd.

I cut them off: and had a

To leade out many to the

Least rest, and lying still

Too neere vnto my State

Therefore (my Harry)

Be it thy course to busie

With Forraigne Quarre

May waste the memory

More would I, but my L

That strength of Speech

How I came by the Crow

And grant it may, with t

Prince. My gracious

You wonne it, wore it:

Then plaine and right m

Which I, with more, th

'Gainst all the World, w

Enter Lord

and

King. Looke, looke,

Heere comes my Iohn of

Iohn. Health, Peace,

To my Royall Father.

King. Thou bring'st

(Sonne Iohn)

But health (alacke) with

From this bare, wither'd

My worldly businesse m